4c Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

be coming to a *cul-de-sac*, a broad low hill, the terminal moraine of a glacier, which must have filled the valley to the west, completely barring it from side to side. Above this lay the Pandur Lake. Below this hill the valley stretches away well cultivated, the foreground filled with low masses of rock and small hills, whose rounded tops and smooth and polished rocks tell of a glacier action. Here and during the next march I saw splendid crops of bearded wheat, the finest we had yet come across.

We were met at Chashi by Rahim-ut-Ullah Khan, the Mehtar's Governor of the Ghizar district, a fine-looking, tall man, with dignified manners. He was one of the Mehtar's most trusted adherents, but he had a deservedly evil reputation. He was the man said to have been employed in the murder of poor Hayward. The tradition as to the latter's death is, that finding he was in danger he sat up all night armed, with his rifle on the table before him, and that, overcome with sleep, he dozed about dawn, with his head on his arms. His enemies at once rushed in and overpowered him; he asked for a few moments, walked to the top of a mound by his tent, took his last look at the rising sun, and then quietly faced his murderers, who despatched him. One object in his murder was plunder: there were others, but it is unnecessary to enquire who prompted the deed, one of the foulest which stains the annals of the frontier. I always hated the sight of Rahim-ut-Ullah, and found it difficult to be civil to him, but on the frontier you must deal with men as you find them: half my most intimate friends were murderers, and the standard to judge them by is not ours. Amongst an avaricious

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157 634 race, one and all from the highest to the lowest shameless beggars, Rahim-ut-Ullah was about the most barefaced in his attempts to wheedle money out of the passing stranger.

133 The Pandur lake when we passed it was very beautiful, a sheet of water about six miles in length by a mile in width. The shores are quite bare, the mountain to the north coming sheer down into the lake, while the southern shore, along which runs the road, is formed by very steep-sided flat-topped spurs jutting out from the mountains which lie some way back. The view was lovely, the water, which was of a peculiar opal tint, taking the most beautiful colouring from sky and cloud, and giving perfect reflections of the hills and islands. The wild duck on it floated double, duck and shadow, and kept carefully out of 133 shot. Above the Pandur lake, and close to Ghizr, the 487 road was prettier than anything since Kashmir; the river was here the picture of a small salmon river, and occasionally you rode over excellent turf. Again, at Ghizr has the valley been blocked by a moraine, through which the river has cut a gorge some hundreds of feet deep. The road runs out of the Ghizr cultivation up a narrow gully, possibly the original outlet of the lake above, or the grip between the end of the moraine and the mountain side, over a confused mass of rock of all sizes constantly being added to 133 from the crags above. The whole of this part of the country shows unmistakable signs of ice action. Polished and ice-marked rocks, roches moutonnées, the remains of dead and gone glaciers, glacial lakes like the Pandur, and stretches of flat land of lacustrine formation meet you at every turn. There is a good